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THE

Commonweal

Integrated Yet Isolated

After School Integration, What?

by Laura H. Rhyne
and Charles R. Foster

The Suburban Parish

A Postwar Phenomenon

by Andrew M. Greeley

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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

KHRUSHCHEV: YES, BUT

PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV'S visit to the United States may contribute significantly to a lessening of East-West tensions and hence to a lessening of the danger to the world inherent in these tensions. This much is unquestionably true.

Mr. Khrushchev's visit seals dramatically the Administration's departure from its former policy —the-so-called Dulles line—of rigid and frequently abstract commitments, which too often turned out to be inapplicable or impracticable in specific situations. This policy, with its almost total reliance on the strategy of "massive retaliation," rejected any idea of coming to some sort of diplomatic terms with Communist power around the world. But, for all its bold words, the supposedly "hard" line was dangerously weak once nuclear weapons were ruled "inappropriate," as they had to be. That the United States, under President Eisenhower, has now turned away from this line of thinking is also unquestionably true.

Both these developments are to be welcomed, as indeed they have been. Both open up hopeful possibilities in a prospect which was becoming increasingly dark. Let there be no mistake about it —we believe that these are truly forward steps in the search for peace.

And yet the manner in which these steps have been taken, the way they have been celebrated in the press, the apparent reaction to them of the American people at large—all these considerations provide grounds for large misgivings.

Aside from the spectacular fact of the exchange of visits between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev, there has been no hint from the Administration of any corresponding adjustments in over-all United States policy. The size and shape of our defense establishment, the missile program, foreign aid plans, the tatters and incoherencies in our Far Eastern and Middle Eastern positions—none of these questions has even been alluded to by the President or his aides. Visit or no visit, these are difficulties which will not solve themselves.

THERE ARE many Americans, and many friends of America overseas, who are anxious about the implications for the rest of the world in what they describe as a triumphal tour of the United States by Mr. Khrushchev. Yet almost nothing was done to prepare the American people for this visit, to distinguish for them and for the rest of the world between an effort to negotiate differences with a Communist tyrant and a happy social event. The lionizing of Mr. Khrushchev—by the State Department planners as well as by our free enterprise celebrity seekers—distorts and confuses the true nature and purpose of the visit.

The fanfare in the American press is ironic in that many of these very same papers only a few months back seemed to regard any disagreement with Secretary Dulles' policy as something tantamount to treason. One would never guess, in reading most of the press accounts, that Premier Khrushchev heads a power organization which is sworn to combat the West, and defeat it, in every possible way.

All in all, we see more than a little danger of a revival of the "spirit of Geneva," with the same costly consequences of optimistic drift and unpreparedness. In 1955 President Eisenhower showed himself extremely vulnerable to the temptation towards easy optimism, and so, in fact, did most other Americans.

We hope these fears are exaggerated. Handled properly, and interpreted properly, Mr. Khrush-

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chev's visit may do much good. The encounter with the impressive actuality of our country, and the evidence of our national solidarity in the face of Communist threats, may help to disabuse the Soviet Premier of some of his doctrinaire misconceptions about it. It may be that increased communication between the United States and the U.S.S.R.—in the arts, in education, in science and industry—will be a result of Mr. Khrushchev's talks with the President. And increased understanding, even of differences, cannot be a bad thing. Perhaps, too, progress can be made in another area of importance to both East and West—the cessation or control of nuclear tests and limitation of the arms race.

And if no concrete steps result from this visit, there will still be an alleviation in the world's anxiety on at least the psychological level. Without budging an iota from his fixed desire to "bury the West," Mr. Khrushchev now apparently wishes to accomplish his end by other than military means, and even this furnishes a grain of hope not to be disdained.

For all these reasons, then, Mr. Khrushchev's visit may be counted as a hopeful turn in the course of the cold war. Although it will not of itself solve any of the problems which weigh upon us, it may permit the United States and its allies to work at these problems in an atmosphere less filled with urgency and danger. But if these problems are not worked at, if a thaw in East-West relations is used to justify complacency, drift and the illusion of economy in United States policy, then the day of Mr. Khrushchev's arrival will have been a black one in our history.

END OF THE WORKER-PRIESTS

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to learn that Rome has ordered an end to France's worker-priest movement without a deep feeling of sorrow—not at the decision itself but at the final failure of a truly noble experiment.

Most observers expected the Vatican to lay down stricter rules for the worker-priest movement; few thought Rome would end the movement entirely. Yet it is not hard to understand the reasons for the Vatican decision. The French worker-priests always suffered from a bad press, and reactionary elements in France and elsewhere delighted in placing the worst possible construction on what they said and did. Even allowing for these facts, though, it still remains true that the worker-priests often startled and shocked even those who were sympathetic to their purposes and predisposed to their cause.

Thus in an article in our pages in March of 1957 Father H. A. Reinhold wrote: "It is obvious that the solution the worker-priests offer is in its execution untimely; in its assumptions unrealistic; in its outcome destructive of ecclesiastical tradition; and in its doctrinal grounds, to say the least, dangerous now."

Among those who must be counted as original supporters of the worker-priests who have since withdrawn support is the present Pope. As Nuncio in France he was regarded as friendly to the experiment and was said to have intervened on behalf of the worker-priests with Pope Pius XII; as Pope John XXIII he has made the decision to call a halt to the movement—a decision there is no doubt he made reluctantly and only because he has become convinced of its necessity.

In any case, the French hierarchy has now been directed to seek new methods of evangelism among the working class, with laymen rather than priests going into the factories, and the priest-worker movement is at an end. Perhaps, as Father Reinhold wrote, it was an experiment "born out of due time," although we think much of its failure must be traced to poor judgment on the part of individual worker-priests themselves. But wherever the fault may lie, we are deeply convinced of the truth of something else written by Father Reinhold in the same article: "A later age may again profit from the daring and generosity of these brave and zealous men and distill out of their venture the wine of a new apostolate." It is on this note, we think, that reports on the passing of the worker-priests should end.

THE RIGHT TO VOTE

IT HAS BEEN known for some time in a general way that the struggle over school integration in the South has resulted in a slowing down, if not a reversal, of the Negro's very gradual progress toward full enfranchisement. Only the other day the Southern Regional Council of Atlanta announced that Negro voting strength had actually declined over-all in eleven Southern states since the 1956 elections. This has now been substantially corroborated by the report of the Federal Civil Rights Commission set up by Act of Congress in 1957.

The figures themselves, if admittedly incomplete,

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are disquieting enough. Only about one-quarter of the Negroes of voting age are registered, as compared with three-fifths of the white citizens in these states. In counties (and states) where the incidence of Negro population is highest the percentage of Negroes registered to vote is lowest—a phenomenon especially pronounced in Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina.

The Commission has taken great pains to determine the causes of this continuing, if not deepening, disenfranchisement. It found that apathy was one of the principal reasons, an apathy which derives from economic subservience and deep poverty, wretched housing and living conditions and the lack of adequate educational facilities. Part of the remedy would therefore be indirect: to develop interest in civic matters on the part of this large racial minority through raising its living and working standards.

But the evidence of obstacles to registration deliberately thrown up by local officials to deny the right to vote to those Negroes who do signify a desire to register is truly startling. The Commission cites instance after instance of outright threats of violence, loss of jobs and false arrest perpetrated against such applicants. Reprisals sometimes take the form of calling loans or foreclosing mortgages when Negroes persist in seeking their voting rights.

In other cases they are made to stand in line all day to no purpose, or else local registration is wholly suspended for long periods of time—or even indefinitely. Local registrars adamant against so extending the franchise have a double standard for applicants for the right to vote. Either they submit Negro applicants to tests which they do not require of others, or they demand of the Negro markedly greater legibility or power to enunciate correctly than they ask of their white compatriots. The ingenuity which many officials have displayed in circumventing the Fifteenth Amendment has proved extremely effective.

The curious thing is that the fundamental right to vote, which is now so widely denied, involves little of the fears and social tensions that often attend desegregation in the schools. It is true, as the Commission says, that enfranchisement without deliverance from other basic disabilities would be limited in its effects. But, despite the millions of our fellow-citizens in all parts of the land who never take the trouble to exercise it, the right to vote has a symbolic value here in the United States. Wherever it is tampered with by resort to force or chicanery, the democratic ideal by which we set such great store is violated—as it is clearly shown to be at present in many Southern localities.

A COMMON BIBLE

PARADOXICALLY enough, the Bible has all too often seemed to separate rather than to unite Catholics and Protestants, to alienate and embitter where one would expect it to engender mutual understanding and sympathy. To be sure, different translations and readings can have profound theological implications. Neverthless, the differences between Catholic versions of the Bible and Protestant versions have assumed, in the popular mind at least, an importance and a significance that they do not in reality have.

Biblical scholars have already done enough preliminary study to look forward to the time when Catholics and Protestants will turn to a common Bible. The members of the First National Roman Catholic Biblical Congress, which met in Australia recently, were told exactly this by Father Alexander Jones, a British Biblicist. "The Reformation made the Church cautious," he said, "but no scholar making a translation of the Bible would risk his reputation by including inaccuracies." Protestant and Catholic Biblical scholars are coming closer to a common agreement on disputed translations or, failing that, to a common understanding of the difficulty of deciding on the reading. Agreement on a common Bible would be a noted step in overcoming the scandal of a divided Christendom.

A WELCOME DECISION

THERE IS special reason to welcome a recent debate in the House of Representatives, a debate which turned on the merits and disadvantages of a travel control bill. There is little doubt how this bill would have fared only a few years ago. Emphasis on internal security was so great in some areas that the net thrown out to inhibit subversion entangled many innocent citizens. And the idea that the Secretary of State should deny passports to some citizens on the basis of secret "information" seemed, to many people, a quite regular and desirable procedure. Yet this is a stand which, after sensible discussion, the House rejected shortly before adjournment.

Domestic and foreign relations have been undergoing extremely rapid changes within recent years. When a Richard Nixon can forward the initial

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stages of his career by being a "hard," unyielding anti-Communist and, a few short years later, further promote his career on the basis of personal encounters with Premier Khrushchev, one realizes anew how sudden and meaningful these shifts can be.

Not all of the changes, of course, can be welcomed. To luxuriate in understatement, not all of the changes in international relations have worked to our advantage. Nor have we, at home, always encountered threats and dangers with the maturity that was called for. It is in the light of this knowledge that the decision of the House must be welcomed. Balancing good with good and danger with danger the members of the House decided by a ninety-eight to twenty-nine vote that applicants for passports should not be subject to judgment on the basis of anonymous accusers and that the Secretary of State could not withhold passports without disclosing his reasons. One hopes that this decision stems from a general attitude which will enable the Representatives to cope equally well with similar problems.

THE ASSEMBLY IN SESSION

THE AGENDA for the fourteenth session of the United Nations General Assembly is a full one. U.N. membership and activities in many fields have now grown so that even without especially controversial issues to tackle there would be much to be got through. But this time the representatives of the eighty-two constituent nations are confronted by several particularly thorny issues. Aggressions in the Far East and their connection with the perennial nomination to membership of Communist China are perhaps what first come to mind. Recent developments in Laos, Tibet and directly along the Indo-Chinese border could do much to dampen whatever general enthusiasm there could be for this reiterated nomination.

It does look, however, as if the question of Algeria can be deferred no longer. With the membership of the U.N. so expanded and the Afro-Asian nations comprising an aggregate of forty-two members, France would seem to be in for a very rough time of it, for the attempt at Algerian "pacification" continues—and the French position hardly stands to be improved by Moroccan opposition to the French project of atomic bomb tests in the Sahara. The United States delegation itself will be hard put by this expected travail for a major ally of such long standing.

DISPUTE IN THE CABINET

A SERIOUS behind-the-scenes dispute on the farm labor issue between two of President Eisenhower's Cabinet members is now out in the open. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson has made public a strongly worded letter to Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, urging him to drop or delay proposed new Federal standards covering wages, housing and transportation for migrant farm workers. The proposed regulations, Mr. Benson said, "retain the concept of Federal intervention and administrative control and regimentation that is contrary to the principles of this Administration and that is so repugnant to agriculture." Conditions are getting better, Mr. Benson said, and he argues that in any case many of the activities involved are local in character and should be left to state and local authorities.

Mr. Benson's choice of words, "Federal control and regimentation," is, of course, deliberately argumentative. No one wants Federal "regimentation." But there are problems which are too big for local authorities and do require Federal intervention, and we think the case of the migrant worker is clearly one.

Secretary of Agriculture Benson to the contrary, there is plenty of evidence as to what happens to migrant farm workers when they are left to the tender mercies of local authorities. Indeed, the present state of affairs is a classic example of a serious social evil in which the good employer is trapped by the general lack of decent minimum conditions; he must compete to stay in business, and as a result the greedy and conscienceless employer has too often been able to determine the standard for wages and working conditions in the case of the migratory workers.

To say, as the Secretary of Agriculture did, that conditions have improved is true enough; it is also very nearly meaningless unless one knows how far down the migrant worker has been and how far he has to go. Furthermore, it is also a fact that what improvements have come to the migrant have seldom been the result of action by Mr. Benson's "local authorities," but have resulted from constant pressure exerted by those on the outside, usually in the face of outraged protests very similar to those now being heard. In short, we think Mr. Benson is dead wrong in opposing the Department of Labor's efforts on behalf of the migrant workers. We hope very much that Secretary of Labor Mitchell will stick to his guns and that the President will support him.

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Integrated Yet Isolated

Removal of the legal barriers to the Negro's full participation in public life is at best only a partial goal

by LAURA H. RHYNE and CHARLES R. FOSTER

AS THE NEW school year opens with the capitulation of Virginia and Little Rock schools, it can well be said that the major legal battles over integration have been won. The mopping-up operations, though arduous and messy, are a matter of course.

The Negro is no longer—legally—a second-class citizen. This note, reiterated so often among Negro leaders, has struck a resonance in the public ear, and the achievement of this goal, though far short of full acceptance by Southerners, is not to be disparaged. But the removal of the legal barriers to full participation in public life, while necessary and desirable, is at best only a partial goal; and its fulfillment may not necessarily and automatically contribute to the achievement of that broader goal, infinitely more desirable to the Negro and his friends, of integration *de facto* as well as *de jure*.

Negro boys and girls are attending classes in several Virginia schools, receiving the instruction, following the routine; but they are still apart from rather than a part of the network of relations that are meaningful in the lives of school youngsters. They are integrated but isolated. The awareness of this more subtle segregation is more acute because, paradoxically, it is inevitable as long as one exercises the legal right not to be segregated. One cannot help but speculate, given the asserted multiple functions of modern education, whether the emotional deprivations inherent in the situation can compensate for the academic gains. For the children who bear the brunt of using the newly won right, can even a sense of mission be sufficiently sustaining?

For this reason, it is unfortunate, perhaps, that education has become the arena of conflict so soon in the accelerated press for rights. Even those who can summon no shred of sympathy or understanding for the Southern white position should realize that the less directly resentful the white is, the sooner the legal right of the Negro becomes a social reality. What makes the gap between legal victory and social reality in school integration so great is that the white Southerner perceives this area as being pregnant with threatening potentialities. The necessary result is that the white, defeated legally in this area of high emotion, continues to practice informally a discrimination often more punishing than that imposed by law.

If the ultimate goal for the Negro is the minimizing of discrimination wherever whites and Negroes are in interpersonal contact, then one must conclude that a more expeditious program needs to be developed. By having our eyes so strongly riveted on school desegregation, we have forgotten that there are other areas crying for attention, areas which may be more amenable to change. And it may be that these areas can be identified in terms of the priorities of Negro desire and white resistance.

THE MOST systematic attempt to establish a realistic table of priorities was that of Myrdal and his colleagues in the now classic *An American Dilemma*. Myrdal has been elevated to the position of devil-in-chief in the Southern whites' pantheon of saints and devils, but integrationists have been strangely reluctant to accord him comparable recognition in their own gallery. From their careful investigation, Myrdal and his team derived a schedule of discriminations ranked in order of the unwillingness of the whites to relinquish them. Intermarriage, of course, ranks at the top. High on the list also are social etiquettes involving personal intimacy on an equal basis, e.g., dancing, eating. The less intimate, such as voting, equality in the courts and economic opportunity, rank much lower. Education, with its potentialities for close personal contact, was high enough on the list that attack at this point was rather bold.

Laura H. Rhyne, a sociologist from Georgia, and Charles R. Foster, a political scientist from New York, are both on the faculty of the College of William and Mary in Virginia.

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Myrdal found further that the "rank order of resentments" among Negroes was almost exactly reversed. Those discriminations the whites seemed most willing to give up were the very discriminations the Negroes resented most. Here is singular accord among Southern Negroes and whites! Certainly this inverted rank order is no accident. In the past, the Southern Negro's grasp of these meanings and attitudes has helped him to delineate the realm of the possible. Even the N.A.A.C.P., in many of its actions, has shown remarkable acumen in gauging the temper of the times.

Thus there is much wisdom in Harry Golden's somewhat over-simplified "vertical integration." Situations of increased intimacy, as long as the inequality of statuses is clearly defined, are not objectionable to the whites, e. g., the Negro cook, nursemaid, or hospital attendant. This, of course, has been the traditional Southern pattern. An increase in equality as long as it does not involve increased intimacy does not drastically upset the equation. Equal voting rights for Negroes would be an example of this. But an increase in intimacy *and* equality creates that very gap between legal right and social reality so apparent in the school issue. To expect an everyday acceptance of the Negro by the white in a situation so restricted in the white's scale of priorities is to be hypnotized by clichés. As sweet and good as the legal victory has been, it may prove less important than smaller but surer victories elsewhere.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that Myrdal noted these priorities more than fifteen years ago. In the interim, the Negro has come to place an over-riding importance upon education as his conveyor belt to full equality. As Roy Wilkins said on the subject in a T.V. appearance last winter, the Negro and his children cannot and will not "sit by the side of the road while others zoom past us into the space age." A feeling of urgency in the area of education has made the Negro willing to leap-frog over many of the less intimate levels of contact between the races on an equal basis.

IN A SENSE, however, the preciousness of time has exacted a heavy sacrifice from the children who are blazing the trail in the public schools, since the way has not been paved for them by attention to the consolidation of gains in those areas of activity more readily acceptable to the whites and for this reason more easily attainable. The Southern white finds his children in an equalitarian situation with vast potentialities for intimacy and he has not been prepared for the shock.

The nearer the threat comes to that jealously guarded citadel of intimacy, sexual contact, the more inflamed will be the Southern opposition to lowering the barriers. In spite of the usurpation by the jokesters of such queries, the question "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" still has critical relevance to Southern whites. Recognition of the force and depth of this fear in the minds of the whites has been obscured by the tendency of the outsider to scoff at the idea as a myth. In this case, however, the myth dominates the white's reaction. In intimate equal interracial contacts between the sexes, it is the most pertinent reality.

The rejection of intimacy is, of course, only one facet of the opposition to school integration, but it is a most important one. The bitterness of the resistance and its reflection in the relationships within the schools can be expected to continue unless the effects can be mitigated by the experiencing of equalitarian contact through further activity in a less intimate context.

In the promotion of such activity churches and trade unions are two institutions in the South that can play a key role. They can not only help overcome the social and economic handicaps of the Negro, but they can also provide a wide range of equalitarian experiences in less intimate contexts. And, most importantly, they can begin to thaw the frozen channels of communication between the races in Southern communities.

A good example of the thawing process in action is found in Williamsburg, Virginia, where the basement of the Catholic church provides the only practical facility where the two races may meet and discuss common problems. Such meetings, held at the insistence of a few determined local liberals, are in effect the only preparation for the inevitable desegregation of the schools in the community. In six other Virginia towns, on a rather more exclusive basis, the Virginia Council on Human Relations, an affiliate of the Southern Regional Council sustains local bi-racial chapters. The Williamsburg group, however, simply calls itself the Discussion Group for Community Improvement and has begun to attract fairly broad local representation. Almost one hundred persons will turn out for a discussion led by a prominent speaker such as a school superintendent or the dean of a Negro college. Very slowly, despite the neutrality of many local churches, some of the bitterness of segregationist resistance is being broken down by this experience.

Such resistance is inevitable under the policy pursued so far that places so much dependence upon court action. The court cannot choose its areas for litigation in any positive way. To base action primarily on who brings which case, on which grounds, into which courts is, in effect, to have no real policy at all.

Those who would do away with racial discrimination must set forth a more systematic agenda which conforms to both practical realities and the ultimate goal of justice and equality for all. This means that a workable policy must do more than reaffirm judicial pronouncements. It must be concerned with creating a program adapted both to court decisions and to social imperatives, both Negro and white.

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The tendency of the third generation is to drift back to religion

The Suburban Parish

by ANDREW M. GREELEY

IT WAS not too many years ago that American Catholics were being warned that the decline of the national parish would have dire results for the Church. Social scientists visiting from Europe had deduced, not without reason, that the national parishes were the main explanation of the fact that the American Church had not lost the urban working class. Therefore, as the national parishes broke up and the third generation of immigrants became thoroughly Americanized, there would be an inevitable tendency to drift away from the Church, since the Church in its national-parish manifestation would be part of the Old World culture which the new Americans would reject.

It was a fine theory, but like so many fine theories it was simply not true. The European theorists made the mistake of assuming that the drift away from the Old World religion, which indeed was characteristic of the second generation, would continue in the third. As the studies of Herberg and Hansen have shown, the tendency of the third generation is rather to drift back into religious practice as it seeks some sort of social identity. We have no reliable statistics on the extent of this return to religion in the suburbs, but few question the fact that some sort of counter drift is going on. With certain national groups such as the Irish there is no question of a counter drift, since there was little drift away in the first place. We hear considerably less today about the problem of "leakage" from the Church than we did a decade ago. This is no proof that leakage is not as serious a problem as it was in the past; but it would seem that the social trends of the post-war world have not made it a noticeably more serious problem. Quite the contrary; the suburban religious revival may have made it somewhat less serious.

If one is to seek a reason for the failure of the prophecies about the decline of religious practice, one might find that the European scholars and their American admirers put too much emphasis on the fact that the modern urban parish is not a community. It is not a community in the sense that the small, stable, integrated rural parishes in European peasant cultures were communities. But this type of community is a vanishing thing in modern civilization. The national parish certainly did not approximate it. On the natural level people identified with the national parish because it met certain social needs which they felt. The transitional parish, one might call it "second generation" parish, met certain other needs. The suburban parish is no exception: if it is to provide a natural community, it must meet still other needs.

The hypothesis might be hazarded that the American parish has always been a social service organization and that in different circumstances the type of service offered has been different. The "national" parishes attempted to meet the problems of the new immigrants; in the new suburban neighborhood the parish is trying to meet the problems of the third generation. The transition from Old Neighborhood to suburb then is not a transition from religious practice to non-practice, but rather from one type of social service to another. On the whole, the transition is not being made too badly.

It is still too early in the history of the suburban parish to say what new forms will ultimately be evolved or how different these forms will be from the old ones. Again, there is no such thing as a typical suburban parish because there is no typical suburb or typical pastor. Nevertheless, it is possible to detect some general outlines of development which give interesting hints to the future.

FIRST OF ALL, the suburban pastor is a pioneer with an extremely difficult physical task. The construction of the American parish plant follows a rather definite pattern—a school with a hall which can be used for Mass, a convent, rectory, church, and perhaps a social center with school addition. While the construction of such a plant has never been particularly leisurely, it was not unusual for it to be spread over a twenty-year period. In the suburbs it seems imperative that it be done within five years, or ten at the very most. Growth and expansion in the community

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Father Andrew M. Greeley, a contributor to *Worship* and other Catholic publications, is a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago. This article is adapted from a forthcoming book by him, *The Church and the Suburbs*, © 1959, Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York.

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go on at a frantic pace, and the parish is expected to keep up. Hence the suburban pastor normally finds himself burdened with a huge debt and facilities that are rapidly becoming inadequate. It is not at all rare for a new school to be too small even before it is finished. To complicate his problem the pastor is faced with parishioners who are only too quick to complain that (a) he is demanding too much money and (b) seems reluctant to provide more classrooms and (c) is holding back the parish which will never amount to anything until the pastor stops worrying about finances and gets some more activities going. Or provides space for the Cub pack to meet. Or builds a new parking lot.

The worry about finances, however, is not unwarranted, especially in the early days of a parish. Virtually all the members of a new parish are mortgaged to the hilt; they are paying high taxes for poor public service and an expensive public school system. They may be as generous as they possibly can and yet have very little money to contribute to their parish. More than one parish has two thousand children of grammar school age and literally no money to build a school. Some pastors never escape the problem, since their parishes are the "ready-made slums" where only the poorest of the suburbanites will live. Once families make a little more money, they will move to a better suburb. These parishes with hundreds of couples in their twenties or early thirties and three hundred baptisms a year may be lively, but they will never be stable, and in these parishes the pastor's life expectancy cannot be too great.

These are the construction problems of the suburban parish at its best. This is the picture in dioceses which have the resources and personnel to stay not too far behind the pace of suburban expansion. The situation is much grimmer where the Catholics are a limited minority of the population and the suburban pastor must add size and distance to his other difficulties. In some areas of the country, there simply are no religious facilities for the Catholic suburbanite. The Church in these areas is faced with problems as grave as any it has faced throughout its history in the United States.

This pioneer situation is bound to influence the tone of a suburban parish. The never-ending financial crisis will inevitably affect the course of development. In a few places radical innovations have been made in which the laity have been assigned all sorts of functions that the clergy formerly reserved to themselves—for example, bookkeeping, census work, planning, fund raising. Two reasons are given for these experiments: the priest just cannot perform all of these functions, and if the laity do them, they may begin to appreciate the problems of their priests. In other parishes, teacher aids and home religion classes are helping to alleviate the shortage of classrooms and teachers. Whether any of these innovations will become widespread remains to be seen. Not a few priests are beginning to suspect that even more radical changes will be necessary if the suburban parish is to keep up with the growth around it.

A second characteristic of the suburban parish is that, like the suburb of which it is a part, it is child-centered. It is very much to be feared that the Catholic suburbanite thinks of his parish primarily as a place for his children. Here they are to be educated—not just in religion, but in all the social graces, dancing included. Here they are to receive their instructions about sex. Here they are to have their recreation and their athletic programs. Here they can be sent to get them out of their mother's hair for five hours each day. Here is where the blame is to be assigned if they act up or do not get good grades. Here is the place for a good part of their social life when they become teen-agers.

Of course, the school has always been an important element in the American parish, but one doubts that it has been quite the center of parish life that it has become in the suburbs. Even the children themselves think of it in this fashion, and they will use the parish name by itself when they are referring to their school or its recreation yard. When they leave the grammar school to go to high school they think of themselves less as parishioners than they did before; and the collegian considers himself to be, for all practical purposes, no longer a member of the parish. He feels that he will become a parishioner once again when he moves to another parish and begins to raise a family of his own.

Activities dealing with children and their problems are the most popular in the parish. Home School Conferences (the Catholic version of the P.T.A.) attract men whom the priests barely see from one end of the year to the other. A Sunday afternoon football game will have a larger crowd than a Forty Hours procession. Couples can be sold on Cub Scout work who wouldn't touch the Christian Family Movement with a ten-foot pole. Such interest in children is of course commendable, but there is some danger that suburbanites are beginning to think of the parish as a glorified day-nursery and the priests and nuns as highly trained baby sitters.

Child-centered activities, however, are not the only social services a parish offers or is expected to offer. A "bad" parish is one where there is "nothing going on," and a "good" parish is one where there is a never-ending bustle of activities—bowling leagues, discussion groups, Catholic Action organizations, library committees, pamphlet rack committees and just about any other possible kind of organization, committee, or meeting that the mind of man can conceive. By no means all

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parishioners or even a majority are involved in such activity, but a good many of them are, and one gets the impression that a far higher percentage are active than in the typical older parish.

SUBURBANITES demand an extremely high degree of competence from their clergy. In fact, at times they seem to demand almost the impossible. A priest must be a good preacher, a skilled counselor, a lively socializer, a gifted organizer, an accomplished diplomat, a shrewd coach or athletic director, a wise planner and builder and a genius with teen-agers. He must be as skillful in his many diverse areas of operation as the up-and-coming suburbanite professional is expected to be in his own area.

Even the priest's minor failures and mistakes are often treated with a savage criticism which is strangely unrealistic. At times one begins to wonder if the suburbanite does not secretly resent his clergy. Could it be that the suburbanite who has had to struggle for every bit of status and prestige he has resents men who have prestige and status ex officio? Could it be that a man who must worry constantly about security for himself and his family resents the comfort and security the clergy possess without any necessary competence? Could it be that a man who dares not make a major mistake lest it ruin his career resents a man whose career is not seriously threatened by any number of seeming blunders? Perhaps not; but there is at least a possibility that in the suburbs can be found the beginnings of a sentiment which, while not anti-clericalism in the European sense, can nevertheless pose a fairly serious problem for the future, a problem which can be solved only with great patience and honesty on both sides.

At least one serious religious difficulty comes from the very fact that a parish is in the suburbs; like the suburb it tends to become isolated from many aspects of life. In a steel-mill parish the economic problems of the day are self-evident. In a racially changing neighborhood, the problems of the migrant groups are obvious. In a slum neighborhood, the implications of metropolitan development are not to be denied. In a university parish the intellectual currents of the age cannot very well be ignored. But the ordinary suburban parish is so concerned with its own problems of growth and so busy building up its own tight little community that it is not the best platform for social action in the world of human activities and ideas. For the husbands and fathers this is particularly true. They spend so few of their waking hours within the parish boundaries that they are apt to think of the parish as a place for their women and children, with little to contribute to the important decisions of life. No one has yet discovered an effective way of linking the suburban parish with the larger economic and social questions of the day.

The suburban parish looks quite different from its predecessors. Its functional church, low-slung school, and the acres of parking space represent a new image on the American scene. Its method of operation seems to be undergoing change from the techniques of the Old Neighborhood. Its human relational problems are new and more complicated. It has a reservoir of past experience to draw from, but it must provide new solutions of its own if it is to fulfill its purpose. Despite all the changes, however, it still must be a place where God is worshipped; a place where His Gospel is preached. If these basic tasks are not its ultimate goal, then, however successful it may appear to be on the natural level, its sound and fury are nothing more than the clash of cymbals.

OFF-BROADWAY THEATER

Box Office and the Muse

by GERALD WEALES

WHEN THE Provincetown Playhouse was in its infant's heyday, just as the United States edged into World War I, its plays were printed so that the playgoer could stop on his way out of the theater and pick up a copy of, say, Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Princess Marries the Page." Recently, a leading commercial publisher has issued a collection of plays acted off-Broadway within the last few seasons (*The Off-Broadway Theatre*. Ed. Richard Cordell and Lowell Matson. Random House. $5.). The so different kinds of publication only underline the fact that the off-Broadway theater of today is not nearly so direct a descendant of the little-theater movements of the twenties and thirties as the editors of the new collection insist. In their introduction, the editors, who have incidentally done an extremely bad job—failing to provide basic facts about time, place and circumstances of productions—imply a continuity that does not exist.

Mr. Weales, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania.

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The split can be seen most easily in the ways in which early and late off-Broadway plays are identified. "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook *was* a Provincetown play; Alfred Hayes's "The Girl on the Via Flaminia" was produced *at* the Circle in the Square.

I do not want to work myself into a false position. I am not insisting on the idealism of the twenties and the commercialism of the fifties. It would be naive to assume that there was not a great amount of personal ambition in the Provincetown Playhouse and the Washington Square Players. It would be just as naive to assume that there is no genuine concern for healthy theater in the current off-Broadway scramble for hits. Yet, the points of departure are completely different. There was no one reason for the formation of the early groups. Sometimes playwrights banded together, as in the Provincetown Playhouse, so that their voices might be heard above the static of Broadway. Sometimes, as with Eva LeGallienne and the Civic Rep, actors wanted the variety and richness of repertory for themselves and their audiences. There were economic reasons, esthetic reasons and political reasons for the formation of these various groups.

Although no single diagnostic description will do, it is fairly safe to say that the bulk of the little theater groups immediately before and after World War I were American counterparts of the European experiments that, going back thirty or forty years, had brought modern drama to life; it is also safe to say that these groups of the thirties were, like as not, dramatic variations on political and economic theories and protests of that decade. Whatever the impetus, the earlier version of off-Broadway activity involved the bringing together of a group of people, drawn by a shared idea or need, and their inevitable splintering through failure or success. By contrast, today's off-Broadway plays are presented by producers, many of whom also operate uptown or want to, in rented theaters, under union rules, with a respectable amount of capital to operate, often with safe playwrights and with actors who know that a good off-Broadway notice is better than a tepid uptown mention.

THERE IS NO point in going on about the ways in which off-Broadway today is not Provincetown and the Group. It has virtues and vices of its own and these should interest us. At its best—and let us admit at the beginning that there is as much bad acting and directing off Broadway as there is on—off-Broadway can provide several kinds of theater that, at the moment, seem impossible on Broadway. Some of the seven plays that Cordell and Matson have collected indicate what I mean.

Sean O'Casey's "Purple Dust" is a case in point. "Purple Dust" was written almost twenty years ago and was sixteen years finding its way onto an American stage. It is not really very good O'Casey, a farcical parade of the playwright's prejudices and his familiar reaffirmation of life, but it is much livelier and funnier on stage than it is on paper. Its success helped reawaken interest in O'Casey, who had years ago been awarded a badge declaring him one of the world's great playwrights, but whose plays were not performed much for all the badge. Not only O'Casey, but the other Irish playwrights—Synge, particularly—were taken up enthusiastically. O'Casey and Synge are unlikely candidates for successful Broadway production simply because the potential audience for their works is small. This is also true of Chekhov, whose works were shown briefly at the Fourth Street Theatre, with Strindberg, with Pirandello, with most of the names (Shaw is the exception) on the list of leading modern dramatists. One thing that off-Broadway can do is to give the modern classics a chance to be seen, but they can only do that if the productions are excellent. A few more offerings such as last season's ghastly "Cock-a-doodle Dandy" and "The Well of the Saints" and no self-respecting playgoer will get within miles of an Irish play.

Another type of play for which the off-Broadway theater is admirably suited is the more recent European import without the special continental reputation—West End or Boulevard—which whispers box office to American producers. The samples that Cordell and Matson give are perhaps not quite typical. Jean Anouilh's "Ardèle" is after all, an old play which, under another title and in another translation, "The Cry of the Peacock," failed on Broadway almost ten years ago. Marcel Aymé, Samuel Beckett, Eugène Ionesco, all of whom have attracted off-Broadway audiences, represent more than Anouilh does the kind of playwright who needs to be done in the little theaters here.

Whether these plays are finally as good as the excitement about them implies that they are—and with Beckett and Ionesco the doubts are large ones—they are a noisy part of the current European dramatic scene and American theater-goers should have a chance to see their works. Of the two English offerings in the Random House collection, "Dragon's Mouth," by Jaquetta Hawkes and J. B. Priestley, is too bromidic to be very important theatrically or intellectually, but James Forsyth's "Héloïse," of which the literacy has sometimes been taken too quickly as style, is a good example of the continuing attempt, particularly among the English religious dramatists who have fed so obviously on Eliot and Fry, to create a poetic, historic, intellectual drama in contrast to the ordinary West End comedy and problem play.

One important kind of off-Broadway success that is not represented in this collection because the plays are

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available elsewhere is the Broadway play of a few years ago that gains new vitality in being transferred to a small theater. The Circle in the Square productions of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke" and Truman Capote's "The Grass Harp" are the standard examples. The last few seasons have seen off-Broadway revivals, with various degrees of success, of course, of plays by Thornton Wilder, Moss Hart, Arthur Laurents, Arthur Miller, Clifford Odets, William Inge, but why go on? In some cases, accident seems to play a great part in the Broadway failure and the off-Broadway success. There is a kind of play, however—Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step" is a good example—that is apparently too small for the Broadway of today where hit psychology demands the big, the broad, the lurid, even the pretentious, and a play that is likely to draw slowly has a better chance off-Broadway.

FINALLY, THERE is the business of new American playwrights. If the off-Broadway theater were to be judged on the basis of the native talent it has turned up, then its grade would have to be a low one. James Lee's "Career," which is in this collection, is usually held up as an example of what can happen off-Broadway—a play that makes it so obviously that it ends up being published in Random House's uniform edition of Broadway hits. Lee's play, however, is only a competent enough sentimental story about the acting profession in which all the clichés of success and failure are plainly in evidence and which ends, distressingly, when the hero answers his agent's "Was it worth it?" with "Yes. Yes, it was worth it." There is no reason why "Career" could not have been done uptown or, since it is told in brief, shifting scenes, on television.

The other new American play in the collection is "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," a good play, if only for the scenes between the soldier and the girl, but Alfred Hayes, like Calder Willingham, whose "End As a Man" started off-Broadway, did not come to flower, an unknown, in the off-Broadway garden. Both were adapting novels that had already won attention.

The kind of American play that is done off-Broadway does not look greatly different from those that are done uptown. The commercial structure of off-Broadway so resembles its uptown counterpart that it has begun to play it safe with classics, talked-about importations, adaptations and American plays that are likely to make it because they look like watered Williams, Inge, Anderson. If William Inge is the best new Broadway playwright of the last ten years and James Lee the best new off-Broadway playwright, then American drama is a little sickly at both ends of the island.

Nor is experimentation for its own sake necessarily the answer. I am not so blind a believer in the *avant-garde* that I think plays of quality will spring necessarily from spirited tinkering. If I were such a believer, however, I would be uncomfortable off-Broadway. Beckett and Ionesco are experimental after their fashion, I suppose, although they suggest the Marx Brothers and the Dadaists and other whiffs from the past, and even so they are produced because they have a European reputation before they hit our shores. The most unusual—not the best—play in the Cordell-Matson collection is "Ulysses in Nightgown" and it is really an attempt to stage a forty-year-old experiment, an act of piety not of discovery. The Living Theatre, which considers itself the most adventurous of the off-Broadway producing groups, is satisfied with "Many Loves," the William Carlos Williams play that smells so obviously of the days when the old Provincetown Playhouse was striking its blow against naturalism.

Glance at the off-Broadway listings in the current *New Yorker*. A Shaw festival, a Miller adaptation of Ibsen and a revival of "Our Town." A German musical of the twenties (the never ending "The Threepenny Opera") and a British musical that kids the twenties (that on-and-off-Broadway hit, "The Boy Friend"). And, land sakes, the 1917 Kern-Wodehouse-Bolton hit, "Leave It to Jane." There are things in the list that anyone who cares for the theater, serious or light, would be glad to see, but the listing, like *The Off-Broadway Theatre,* reminds us that although the little theater in New York may occasionally offer quality, style, solidity, it does not often offer surprises.

HUNTER, IMMOBILE

In another land (or hour) how fierce and cunning
he would be for his celestial rights:

hacking the creepers, swimming cheek by jowl
with crocodiles, staring the tiger down;

Crouched under the thin moon, at his trip's end,
till the signal: there—or there. For a hutful of glory,

For a chalice on a suitcase in a loft. For four words
at night, or the least-brave hour before dawn.

But smugness never looked like a wicked river; and
the boor,
the lout, the bigot, showed nor fangs nor fur.

Scenting small hunger in communion-breakfasts,
he ignored news of any final supper.

And hid his hunter's heart, without a quarry—
forgetful how tigers are sometimes masks and masks
are tigers.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

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CLASSIC DISPUTE

Rome

IN EVERY recent crisis for the Catholic Church, "integralist" and "liberal" factions within the Church have emerged—one group concentrating on finding the proper Catholic response to the specific challenge flung at the Church, the other concentrating on maintaining an "integral" Catholic position, exalting the ancient Catholic culture in its totality and denying any measure of validity to every claim the alien invader might make.

Both factions in the Church have known victories and defeats during the past four hundred years. Both have produced Catholic heroes. And neither has permanently avoided the tinge of doctrinal error. There have been "liberal" extremists, like the French modernists, who went too far in their anxiety to adapt the Church to the world, and there have been overly zealous "integralists," like the Action Française group and the followers of Father Feeney, who have fatally departed from orthodoxy in their zeal to adapt the world to the Church. So, though in each crisis the "integralists" usually make their strongest bid by accusing the "liberals" of flirting with heresy, the historical record is fairly mixed. Zealots on both sides have had to be corrected by the Catholic *magisterium*.

In the current crisis, the Catholic confrontation with Communism, the conflict between "integralist" and "liberal" is found even on the highest ecclesiastical levels, though no charges of heresy have been made.

One group, who look to Cardinal Ottaviani as their Vatican patron, zealously uphold the classic "integralist" position. They are loath to make any compromise with the Communist gains, or—what is more significant—with the modernity which, the way they see it, bore atheism as its inevitable fruit once the cultural and political life of the West was cut off from the Mother Church. This group would qualify as "hard" anti-Communists anywhere, even in certain New York intellectual circles where the standards are as high as they come. But it is not just the matter of being immovably anti-Communist that distinguishes them. It is also their uncompromising Catholic integralism and fervent theological conservatism, and this characteristic would not endear them to the New York anti-Communist set.

They defend every Catholic thesis staunchly no matter how irrelevant it may seem to have become in the modern world. They are congenitally suspicious of change and even those compromises with principle which seem necessary in the harsh realities of the political order they regard as barely short of betrayal. They look upon the unyielding Cardinal Mindszenty, for example, with infinitely more sympathy than they can summon for Cardinal Wyszynsky, who has made the best of things in Poland.

The "liberal" group, who look to Cardinal Montini as their patron, are just as zealous for the welfare of the Church but take a wholly different approach. For instance, in the face of the Communist claim to be the only friend of the working masses, they tend to accent the social teachings of the Church and to dramatize the Church's concern for her poorest members by meeting the Communists on their own ground. This group was highly sympathetic to the priest-worker movement in France and the unfortunate debacle of that experiment, it must be admitted, represented a blow to the "liberals' " prestige in the councils of the Church. But the blow was not fatal and the "liberals" carry on.

In the intellectual order, the "liberals" are sympathetic to philosophers like Jacques Maritain who are working out the theological and philosophical implications of modern democratic thinking. In a similar spirit they are open to suggestions for an era of better feeling between Catholics and Orthodox and between Catholics and Protestants. Unlike the take-it-or-leave-it "integralists," they are ready to work for ultimate Christian unity on a piecemeal basis, if need be. Undoubtedly they have been more affected by the currents of modern thinking, even those currents hostile to Catholic tradition, than their "integralist" brethren.

Since his election, the present Pope has given evidence that he listens to both sides of the classic dispute. Neither faction can honestly claim him as its own. He has, in more than one sense, been a Pope of reconciliation.

But what of these two tendencies in the Church at large? One can say that the new Holy Father believes strongly in the local autonomy of his bishops. Which faction will dominate in any given place will depend not primarily on the Holy See but on the sentiment of the local hierarchy. And the bishops, as everyone knows, differ on these questions. So it will probably be that in the years to come there will be mistaken (and contradictory) nominations of John XXIII now as a "liberal," now as a "conservative" Pope.

In any case, it would seem that the tension between "liberal" and "integralist" in the Catholic world will not be dissolved during his pontificate. Perhaps it is providential that neither side can claim the Pope. For there are merits on both sides of the argument, and the tension between them may produce a creativeness that, unchallenged, neither could summon.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

EARNEST AND PLODDING

PERHAPS Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy got exactly the effect he wanted in "The F.B.I. Story." The picture, like the F.B.I. itself, is sincere, hard-working, even plodding, and loaded with clues, cases, excitement and dull stretches of family minutiae that make up its seemingly endless running time of two and a half hours.

Most of the plot of "The F.B.I. Story" is told as a lengthy flashback by gray-haired James Stewart as he is lecturing newcomers to the organization. He traces the history of the F.B.I. from its early haphazard days, to its reorganization in 1924 by its new director (J. Edgar Hoover, who insisted on freeing the Federal Bureau of Investigation from politics), and then through a series of cases: stepping on the Ku Klux Klan; exposing the vicious crooks who cheated and even killed Indians to get control of their rich oil lands; tracking down gangsters like Nelson, Dillinger, Floyd; rounding up enemy agents after Pearl Harbor and then doing special intelligence service during World War II and pursuing post-war Communist spies and other Federal offenders right up to the present.

Accompanying this factual material, which covers some thirty years, is the fictional story of the hard life and times of a typical F.B.I. agent. Playing this role in his best boy scout manner, James Stewart has pretty Vera Miles as his long-suffering and loving wife. Through the years their children grow up, enjoy life and sometimes suffer too while daddy is away hell-bent on tracking down criminals. As long as scriptwriters Richard L. Breen and John Twist stick to Don Whitehead's book, their screenplay is fascinating, but the members of the fictional family, though often touching, are rather corny, and Director LeRoy shows little imagination in portraying them. LeRoy is at his best in the suspenseful chase scenes, like the final one, through New York's streets and buildings, which uses some first-rate cinema technique. In 1924 J. Edgar Hoover told his devoted agents: "You may not die rich, but you will die men dedicated to fidelity, bravery and integrity." As for "The F.B.I. Story" itself, however, things may be quite different, for the film has the kind of mass appeal that does well at the box office.

ALSO with an eye on the box office, but also more plodding than necessary, is the re-make of "The Blue Angel." Now done in CinemaScope and pretty color, the new version is much slicker and cleaner than the original 1930 German film, which had an earthy quality intensified by the luscious newcomer Marlene Dietrich and by Emil Jannings, that wonderful portrayer of the middle-aged average man. In spite of his good acting, handsome Curt Jurgens is never Mr. Average Man and is really impressive and convincing as the fallen professor only in his final scenes, when he has sunk to the depths and is playing the debased clown to the third-rate magician (Theodore Bikel). Lovely-to-look-at May Britt has a lot of come-hither appeal as Lola-Lola, the cafe singer who warns the trapped professor that she falls in love over and over and even tries to ward off his proposal of marriage with: "What could you get by marrying me that you couldn't have anyway?" Miss Britt's singing of the new song "Lola-Lola" and the old "Falling in Love Again" imitates Dietrich's seductive voice, but this young and promising actress does not have La Dietrich's primitive, almost animal, sensuousness.

Because of the prettiness of the opening scenes and Director Edward Dmytryk's allowing his cast to overplay at first, "The Blue Angel" never assumes any effective realism, but perhaps this doesn't matter. The picture is only a Hollywood version of immorality and degradation, and it even has a trumped-up happy ending. The script, which was written by Nigel Balchin from the German screenplay (which was based on a Heinrich Mann novel), attempts to update the story, but while its tale of a good man ruined by a woman could as well be told in the present, "The Blue Angel" belongs in the past and should have stayed there, especially if it was going to be done with so little imagination and such superficial characterization.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD"

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: One footnote should be added to the excellent review [Aug. 28] of the Angel recording of Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites*. The text of the opera is not, as reported in your pages, a play by Bernanos titled "Song at the Scaffold:" It is a novel by Gertrude von le Fort titled *Song at the Scaffold*: first published in this country by Sheed & Ward in 1933; later dramatized as a stage play by myself; also dramatized as an uncompleted screen play by Bernanos. After the death of Bernanos, his text was expanded by friends and it became the stage play now known as *Dialogues des Carmélites:* the play on which the opera is based. Stage rights in the play "Song of the Scaffold" remain with Baroness von le Fort and myself. Stage rights to *Dialogues des Carmélites* are handled by the Bernanos estate. All of us, I am happy to say, are a part of this rare opera.

EMMET LAVERY.

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The Revival of Baroja

THE RESTLESSNESS OF SHANTI ANDÍA and Other Writings. By Pío Baroja. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan. The University of Michigan Press. $6.50.

By MAX COSMAN

THE TRANSLATION of Baroja's works in America began in 1917 with *The City of the Discreet,* an attack on the custom-bound nature of Spain. It was followed two years later by *Caesar or Nothing,* a companion novel since it dealt with the attempt of an individualist to reform things.

The count of Baroja books stepped up in the hectic twenties. The first part of the decade saw the appearance of his *Youth and Egolatry,* a volume of free-wheeling personalia, and *The Struggle for Life,* a trilogy on that '98 theme of his, the rot of his country. The second part of the decade witnessed the publication of *The Lord of Labraz* and *The Tree of Knowledge,* further depictions of Spain's failure—in province and metropolis respectively.

Before the thirties came in, then, Baroja was fairly well known. In addition to his works he even had some interesting encomia to his credit. There was H. L. Mencken's characteristic pronouncement, "the modern Spanish mind at its most enlightened"; John Dos Passos' equally distinctive appraisal, "a novelist of revolution"; and Ernest Boyd's no less typical judgment, "a highly diverting exponent of the honorable Spanish tradition of the picaresque novel."

It would seem that with such further accolades as came from littérateurs like Aubrey F. G. Bell and William A. Drake, and from countrymen of creative distinction themselves like Unamuno, Madariaga, and Ortega y Gasset, Baroja could not possibly drop out of the Common Readers' ken.

But crass casualty, as Thomas Hardy once remarked, obscures the sun and rain, and Baroja, after the publication of his *Paradox King* (1931), went into that obscurity which duly attends those authors who for various reasons are no longer read yet deserve to be.

It is therefore a matter of congratulation that having been neglected so long he should once more be brought to attention, and in an adequate translation at that. Mr. Kerrigan gives us a novel, *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía,* which Sir Herbert Read has called "one of the classics of modern European Literature"; a pair of short stories—they exhibit Baroja's Dickensian sensitivity to human beings; a handful of essays, one of which, "The Way I Write," is more of an ironic commentary on what conditioned him than a consideration of syntax and technique; and *The Legend of Jaun Alzate,* as fantastic a dramatization of early Basque reaction to Christianity as a long moral interlude cum Iberian-Walt Disney fancy can make it.

The Restlessness of Shanti Andía is, of course, the major item in Mr. Kerrigan's omnibus. In its account of coastal Basques in the last century and of the coming to old age of a typical seaman like its protagonist, it is a quintessence of Spanish nature in a given epoch, and its linear figures moving ritualistically through their experiences set it in the great tradition of the picaresque initiated by Alemán and Cervantes.

But it is not a work apart from its author. Throughout it bears evidence of his spirit—his pessimism, his belief in action, his inveighing against injustice, his awareness of human motive, his bristling against environment, and his celebration of what Mr. Kerrigan in a most informative introduction calls "the almost aimless, cosmic, vacant freedom—of the sea." All these are instinct in episodes as diverse as the rescue of the unfortunates of the "Stella Maris" and the marooning of Shanti at Frayburu, Itchaso's stint on a slaver and Jaun's escape from an English prison ship.

What ultimately is significant about Señor Baroja, however, is not his command of a human landscape nor his projection of private idiosyncrasies. It does not even lie in his influence on a list of writers stretching from Hemingway to Cela. It shows rather in something that is as archetypal in him as it is in Thoreau and Shaw.

Like the former he represents the individual against the arrogations of society; like the latter he stands for the free mind against the equivocation, the speciousness, the fraud endemic in mass thought.

Modern Enemies of Intellect

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. By Jacques Barzun. Harper: $5.

By THOMAS MOLNAR

IN JUNE 1956 *Time* magazine published its own survey concerning the place of the intellectual in American society. The yellow band on the cover proclaimed: "America and the Intellectual: the Reconciliation"; and on the cover itself you could see the serious features of Jacques Barzun, according to *Time* the most representative figure of this "reconciliation."

Time does not choose its cover illustrations at random: Barzun seemed to fit the image the editors wished to convey of the allegedly satisfied intellectuals. These are some samples of Barzun's views: "Those [intellectuals] who continue to grumble at America are merely singing a worn-out tune"; America is a "Parnassus from coast to coast"; and "the American intellectual has little cause to complain: never before has he had quite such a variety of backers—the museums of modern art, the foundation patronage, the universities eager to be baffled, and the leagues of women armed with print to defend this or that 'ism.'"

How is it that the same author

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who had reassured the *Time* camp in 1956 concerning this best of intellectual worlds, has published, only three years later, a book in which he sings the worn-out tune for almost three hundred pages and fulminates especially against the museums of modern art, foundation patronage, the universities, and against that part of the cultural landscape that women's clubs represent?

Whatever it is, *The House of Intellect* is a formidable indictment of our progressively de-intellectualized world, not at all the type of book which criticizes in Part One only the more slavishly to praise and flatter in Part Two. I would even say that although Barzun's book has several shortcomings it is a uniquely courageous work, one which does not indulge in sham attacks but hits the right targets and hits them hard.

The merits of the book are the following: it defines intellect as a virtue: "concentration, continuity, articulate precision and self-awareness," thus eliminating from among the claimants to the title of intellectuals the whole educationalist proletariat, North Beach beatniks, "artists" of all sorts, and the ideamen of publicity agencies. In fact, one of the reasons why Barzun's book will not be understood and appreciated in our confused world is that he takes great care to distinguish *intellect* from either *intelligence* or *information,* and, naturally, the intellectual from the public lecturer, the communication man, or, for that matter, from the college professor, the book publisher, and the cultural philanthropist. Intellect, Barzun writes, is "a body of common knowledge . . . the right particle of which can be brought to bear quickly on the matter in hand"; it is a "tradition," thus not just a private possession like intelligence, but "a product of social effort, . . . an institution," accepting "discipline, form, constraint."

The second merit of the book follows from the initial definition and distinctions: namely, the indictment of those middlemen of intellectual life who have introduced and tolerate in our schools, museums, publishing houses and cultural foundations the sloppy habits of thought, the confusion of genres, the unexamined "integration" of disciplines, and, generally, the style of the supermarket. The novelty of these charges consists, again, of discrimination and courage; for Barzun does not stop at denouncing mass-taste or the peddlers of vulgar ware in movies and television, drugstore pornography and books on tending the psyche. He attacks the educated public and its mentors, the smooth committee-men, the trustees of universities and museums, the publishers like the one who asked him to substitute, in one of his writings, Newton's name for Descartes' because the former is "better known."

Barzun's detailed analysis of the sins of this pseudo-intelligentsia constitutes the third merit of his book. He locates its members in three houses, none of which is that of the intellect: art, science, and

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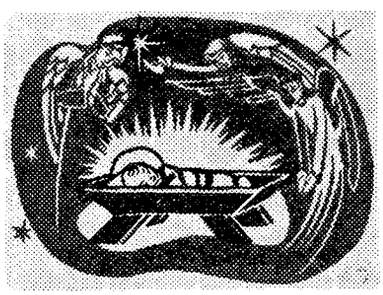

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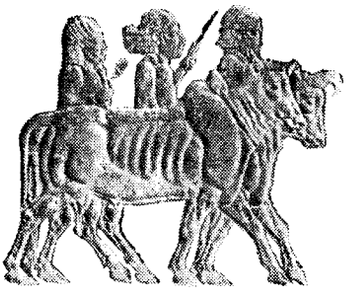

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philanthropy. The success story of the first two needs no new recounting. Art and science, have converged today to alleviate the psyche and the soma, and thus to help the culture-drenched citizen to enter Utopia. Here the magic wand of philanthropy extends to him assistance, regardless of merit; our cultural and academic institutions will support his mediocrity, will manipulate him by sentiment, with the result that the bond between intellectual endeavor and the rewards of achievements are dissolved.

The longest chapters of the book are devoted to the situation in our schools. Mr. Barzun asks: "Is the school a place of teaching or of psychologizing? Is it to prolong vicariously the parents' love of innocence and act out their dream of good society, or is it to impart literacy?" He recognizes, in other words, that *psychology,* put into the employ of *philanthropy,* destroys the essence of instruction and undermines the intellectual foundations of the school. "In their wickedness," Barzun states, "the philanthropists tamper with the child's personality, . . . induce the 'right attitude' . . . and are intolerant towards all who doubt or criticize so much goodness." At present, he adds, "our teachers' college products show but the bare makings of a totalitarian force; . . . but imagine an explicit program, political or religious, and a corps of teachers more than gushingly dedicated to it, and you would have an irresistible machine for warping both mind and character."

But precisely: why do we have to *imagine* such an explicit program when it exists already? Granted, it cannot be characterized as a political or a religious program; but it is an ideological program, nevertheless. Barzun would have given a better equilibrium to his book if, after surveying the practices in our schools, he had gone one step beyond the sickening forms of psychologizing and philanthropy, and had explored the ideology underneath.

Old Frontiers

NEW FACE IN THE MIRROR. By Yaël Dayan. World Publishing. $3.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

EXCEPT FOR its unique background of the new frontier country of Israel, and the only drafted women's army among the democratic nations of the world, this novel by a young Israeli girl, much of it written when she was seventeen, reminds one of works by other irascible and precocious young ladies in their late teens. She shares with them a proclivity for pompous introspection, superior airs, and a truly amazing precosity in erotic involvements. It is a literary fad that is, in my opinion, almost without relief, deadly dull.

In this instance, this sort of concentration is rather a shame. A native Israeli (older than her nation), the daughter of the former Commander-in-Chief of the Israeli army, Miss Dayan is well educated and well traveled. She writes fluently in English, which is not, of course, her native tongue, and has a straightforward style. She spent two years in the army as a lieutenant and has a great and sensitive feeling for her country and the brave and troubled people who have come from all over the world to make a life on its new hard land which, however rugged, the Israelis take "for granted as though it were a dispensation of God."

She might have written a really fine book about the young people who have inherited this hard-won haven. One of the most moving moments in this novel occurs when the young protagonist, a lieutenant training army recruits, has to instruct the members of her company on what the love of their country means in relation to the oath of allegiance they are about to take—an oath which calls upon the soldier to sacrifice his life, if need be. She tells them a story of two brothers who inherit from their parents nothing but a map on which a house is drawn, and labeled "Home." The brothers set out to find this house. When they finally arrive in the valley where the house stands they are old men. They meet many other old people all of whom are carrying similar maps and together they march into the valley. Many are killed, for there are already inhabitants in the valley but these eventually flee and the pilgrims take possession of their promised house. The original travelers die, but their story is passed down through the generations and their children join together and swear to sacrifice

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I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

Worship treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. Though *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

— Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City—St. Joseph Register*

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"WELL, WELL, IT TURNS OUT *that Dale Alford of Little Rock, who unseated Congressman Brooks Hays in the 1958 elections,* was *the people's choice after all. The Liberals' god-democracy has turned against their god-integration. We ask them, What do you recommend, gentlemen? Shall we, having failed to dissipate the plurality in Arkansas for segregation, do away with democracy—at least in that electoral district? La Rochefoucauld captured the dilemma of the Liberals when he sighed, 'Sad is the lot of the woman who is at once violently inflamed and inflexibly virtuous!'"*

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-6, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

their lives, if necessary, to protect the home their fathers had come so far and so humbly to claim. "You are," the lieutenant tells her soldiers, "the new daughters born to that house."

Such high moments (there are a few others) are disappointingly rare. The main burden of the story is the transformation of a slightly neurotic, spoiled, arrogant adolescent who suddenly finds herself buried in the anonymity of the army, where she continues her career of stepping all over weaker people to demonstrate her own strength. She begins to appreciate the army's lack of identity: "It will make me feel more important because, in being forced to be like all the others, I will become more conscious of my superiority."

Of this superiority we have only her own words: surely she has few interesting ideas, either intellectual or creative. But it is not a timid notion. It embraces her whole world: her mother and father, whom she feels have neglected her and whom she tries to manipulate, her staggering list of male conquests, her friends and acquaintances in and out of the army.

Most of the characterizations are mere sketches. One feels they are there only to make a point for the heroine. About a half dozen of them are her lovers, past, present, or potential and this whole subject is handled with appropriate, adolescent naiveté.

After two years in the army, a few rebuffs and a lot of "experience" we find our heroine in a seaside cottage in France writing a rather sentimental letter to her parents which is supposed to convince them and the reader that she is a mature girl who at last understands the profound mysteries of life and love.

REVIEWERS

Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to critical and scholarly journals.

Thomas Molnar, a regular contributor, is a member of the faculty at Brooklyn College.

Alice Ellen Mayhew is on the editorial staff of *Town and Country*.

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